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THE WAR CRY

WILLIAM BOOTH.
Founder

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

BRAMWELL BOOTH
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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner

CHOOSE

THE
WAGES
OF
SIN
IS
DEATH

THE
GIFT
OF
GOD
IS
ETERNAL
LIFE

READ ROMANS VI: 23



Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, Deuteronomy 33: 1-4, 12-16. "The goodwill of Him Who dwelt in the bush." This, with its reference to his call from the burning bush, is one of the most tender of Moses' farewell blessings on Israel.

In Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," "Goodwill" is the gatekeeper. When pilgrims came up, and knocking, begged him to open to them, "I am willing, with all my heart," saith he, and with that he opened the gate. "With all my heart"—just so does Jesus welcome all needy souls who come to Him.

Monday, Deuteronomy 33: 23-29. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Are you troubled about tomorrow, wondering how you can carry its cares and burdens? Instead of worrying, lay hold of this promise. The strength which God gives, brings its own rest, and security. "Strength, day by day, rang the promise of old."

Year after year shall that promise unfold, Strength for our weakness and peace for our pain, Strength "as thy days" rings that promise again.

Tuesday, Deuteronomy 34: 1-12. "So Moses . . . died . . . according to the Word of the Lord." We are told that the literal translation is "on the mouth of the Lord." As a Jewish commentator has said, "The Lord kissed His servant." Happy Moses! After long years of faithful, self-sacrificing service, he is kissed into peace and Heaven.

Wednesday, Malachi 2: 1-6. "They practise it, because it is in the power of their hand." The prophet pronounces woes to those who deliberately plan to do evil, and who, as far as they have power, carry out their wicked schemes. God declares that He, too, has planned evil, and with irresistible power will bring it upon these high-handed wrong-doers. If "might" not "right," rules your conduct—"Be not deceived, whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Thursday, Micah 2: 7-11. "Is the spirit of the Lord straitened?" God wanted His people to see the true cause of coming evils. He had not changed. There was still no limit to His desire and power to do them good. Had Israel allowed God to have His way, how very different had been her history as a nation! Give God's Spirit liberty to enrich you with all the blessings He desires to bestow, otherwise self-will and sin shall bring to you sorrow and shame.

Friday, Micah 4: 1-7. "The Lord shall reign over them in Mount Zion." Then the peace and prosperity described in the previous verses shall be Israel's portion, and she shall become the source of light and blessing to many. This is the happy heritage of all who crown Jesus King of their hearts and lives.

Saturday, Micah 5: 1-4. "Whose goings forth have been . . . from everlasting."

"Christ, the Father's Son eternal.

Once was born a Son of man;

He who never knew beginning

Here on earth a life began."

Laying aside His infinite knowledge, power, and glory, He became a weak, helpless babe, born in a stable, cradled in a manger. He came down to share our human nature that we might rise to share His divine nature. May this gracious purpose be fulfilled in us each.

God's Will in Us

God's will touches you and me at every instant of our lives from the moment that we get up on a Monday morning to the moment that we go to bed on Saturday night, not merely Sundays, but all through the week at every hour of every day. God's will touches you and me. We cannot escape from it; it never, so to speak, lets up on us for one instant. There is no respite from it, there is no surcease from its pressure upon us.

WITH SINGLENESS OF EYE

"If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light"—Matt. 6:22.

Summoned my labour to renew,
And glad to act my part,
Lord, in Thy name my work I do,
And with a single heart.

WE have recently heard of a Candidate who was quite a promising subject for acceptance except that the doctor had reported adversely upon the sight of one eye. It appeared that he might eventually lose the sight of it. In advocating his acceptance, one brother who was present remarked, "Doctors are often wrong, and if the worst comes to the worst he will be able to serve the Lord with a single eye." Which only goes on more to prove that the saving of our Lord are full of a vivid and arresting design and are not easily forgotten.

The Proverbial Wisdom of the World

The Gospels are full of graphic, picturesque phrases that we have found it impossible to forget. They have passed like this one about the importance of having a single eye, into our familiar talk and become part of the world's proverbial wisdom. It is worth while trying to understand what is meant by having a single eye, and how much of life's blessedness depends upon making that possession one's own. The word as it is used here means, of course, free from distortion, normal and sound, as opposed to an eye that is evil and diseased.

In another picturesque phrase Jesus has just said that the eye is the lamp of the body. It is the eye that lights our house, enabling us to see and find our way about a world that would otherwise be dark. If the eye is "single," sound, healthy and normal, the whole body, we are told, will be full of light, with all that that means for happiness and security. If it is "evil," if it is diseased, if the lenses are not properly adjusted so that the eyes do not work together, our world will immediately become distorted. Things that are far off may look near and things

that are really near may appear far off. Our sense of distance will become confused. Things will lose their clear sharp outline. Crooked things may appear straight, and straight things look crooked. We may even see things that are not there, and miss the things that are there until we break our shins over them. The whole body, as Jesus says, will be full of darkness and delusion.

That is true of physical things, but it is no less true in the spiritual realm. The soul has an eye no less than the body. Within us all there is a faculty for perceiving spiritual things, as surely as a man has eyes in his head. And that inner eye may be single, may be sound and healthy, or it may be evil; it may get out of focus and develop a tendency to look two ways at once, like Mr. Byem's grandfather, who, being a waterman, was accustomed, Bunyan says, "to look one way and now another." When that happens, you get what St. James calls "a double-minded man," who is, as a consequence, "unstable in all his ways."

A Sort of a Moral Squint

That is to say, if a man's inner eye is not single, if he tries to look two ways at once, he will eventually develop a sort of moral squint, and consequently he will walk with a stagger and never be sure which is the right side of the road. The trouble with a man who squints is that he can neither go where he looks nor look where he goes. In spiritual things, as in physical things, he gropes his way about in a world of confused issues, in a world where moral outlines are blurred and indistinct, and, like the proverbial calf, he can only wobble when he walks.

There are unfortunately some professing Christians who are known as "shining

GOD BROKE OUR YEARS

God broke our years to hours and days,
That hour by hour, and day by day,
Just going on a little way,
We might be able all along to keep
Quite strong,
Should all the weight of life
Be laid across our shoulders, and the
future life
With woe and struggle, meet us face
to face
At just one place,
We could not go;
Our feet would stop; and so
God lays a little on us every day,
And never, I believe, on all the way.
Will burdens bear so down,
Or pathways lie so threatening and
so steep,
But we can go, if by God's power,
We only bear the burden of the sin.

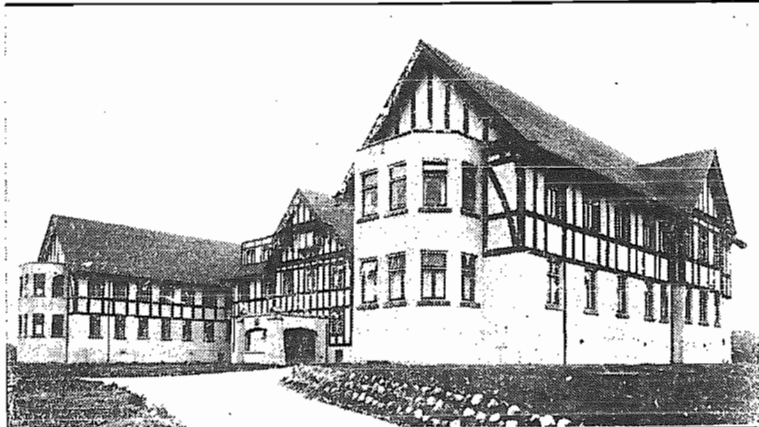
—George K. . .

lights," but their influence is neither more and less than nothing. Instead of attracting, they repel. They are so obvious in one thing on Sundays and another on weekdays. They look one way in the sanctuary and another in the market place. Their eyes are turned toward God, but their feet tread the way of the world with the same alacrity as other people's. They are often full of light on all sorts of subjects about which other people are not too sure, but they lack the light of genuine goodness. The consequence is that the light that is in them is darkness. Nobody sees it and glories God, and many mark the absence of it and blaspheme religion.

Purity of motive, singleness of aim, a single eye, is not only the secret of all insight, it is the secret of all influence. If people know where we stand and are sure we really stand where we seem to stand, and are not after something else, they will believe in us and trust us. If we are really out for God and goodness we shall be full of a light that folk acknowledge and rejoice in, and that some of them may be led to follow.

Monuments of Salvation and Mercy in Canada West

No. 6—Grace Maternity Hospital, Vancouver



The fine institution which graces Shaughnessy Heights to the south of the City of Vancouver is justifiably regarded as being one of the latest ornaments to the architecture of that thriving metropolis. It stands out in prominent eminence, and commands a magnificent view of the City, together with the Inlet and the mountains beyond; its setting is healthful in the extreme.

For many years our Women's Social and Maternity Work has been confined to a comparatively inconvenient building on Eighth Avenue. Here in spite of manifold limitations, a splendid work has been carried forward by the devoted Officers who have been there stationed; many wonderful tales of grace and mercy could be related about that service.

However, pressed forward by the urgency of the claims upon us, and greatly assisted by the generosity of the citizens of Vancouver and the Province, plans were made for the present commodious building, and in January, 1927, Foundation Stones were laid for the late

Hon. John Oliver, then Premier of the Province, and by others. The building was finally declared open by the Hon. J. H. Bennett in October of the same year by His Honor the Governor Bruce. It is worthy of note that just at the Opening Ceremony was concluding the first arrival of immigrants to town.

Regarded by the medical profession and by the social workers as being fully equipped with the most appliances known in maternity work, the Hospital is well able to undertake for the two hundred individuals who come within the scope of its daily service. It is already taxed to its fullest capacity.

Lieut. Colonel Mrs. Payne is the energetic and capable Superintendent of the Institution, and is supported by a staff of willing and efficient Officers and nurses. The Colonel also retains the oversight of the Eighth Avenue Home, which is still maintained as a Receiving House, and where a busy work is always in progress.

Yet Another "War Cry"

East Africa Acquires its Printed Salvation Messenger

The first issue of "Sauti Ya Vita," The War Cry for East Africa, has arrived at International Headquarters, and is accorded a hearty welcome by this, the pioneer member of the world-wide family of "War Cries."

From the first number of "Sauti Ya Vita," which is printed in Ki Swahili and English, we learn that the Ki Swahili name for The Salvation Army is "Jeshi la Wokofu," and the Founder is known as "Mwananzizi."

Excused From Emperor's Court to Attend Salvation Army Function

A very interesting incident was connected with the presence of the Home Minister, Mr. Mochizuki, at the opening of the new Headquarters Building in Tokyo, Japan, and one which has made a deep impression. In the first place the Minister had turned down fourteen other requests for his attendance at meetings and functions, having given a definite promise to Lt.-Commissioner Yamamoto that he would speak at the opening. At the last moment, however, he had to attend at the Imperial Palace for the purpose of introducing a number of Prefectural Governors to the Emperor. As the time wore on and he realized that it was almost impossible to get away, he took the unheard-of liberty of requesting the Emperor to excuse him in view of his promise to The Salvation Army.

His Majesty smiled pleasantly and immediately gave his consent, saying, "Dozo oide kudasa!" (please go). The Home Minister himself was surprised at this very permission, and told the Territorial Commander of it immediately he arrived.

A Fraternal Event at Victoria

ADJUTANT MERRETT led the mid-week service at the Metropolitan United Church on Wednesday night, the Band and Songster Brigade assisting, and many of the Comrades attending in uniform. The Adjutant's Bible Reading and address were on the subject of "Prayer," and the hymns sung were well known and appropriate. "What a Friend we have in Jesus," "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire," and "Blest be the Tie that binds us," the latter of which the Comrades occupied the choir seats and the songster's selection "Mount up my soul" was quite suggestive from that unusual elevation.

As we worshipped in the beautiful edifice we remembered the opening Sunday, when with Flag and Drum the Victoria Corps marched from the morning Open-Air Meeting with Captain Nellie Merrett leading, and took seats in the gallery. We often remembered the Minister's text, "Why was this waste?" (St. Mark 14:4).

Since that day in May, 1891, the friendliest relations have always existed between the pastors and congregation of this Church, then Methodist, and The Army. The building vacated by them at the corner of Pandora and Broad Streets when the new church was opened was used by the Victoria Corps during two different periods, and many found Jesus in the "Barracks" with high-backed pews and a lofty steeple. (Some of us were carried in it, too!) The Brockman Building, corner of Pandora and Broad, the present Army Citadel next door, was the spacious Sunday School building of the Methodist Church. It is nice to remember that for considerably over forty years of its old walls have resounded to the praises of God, and, as our chorus reminds us, "Sing, Sing, Why shouldn't we sing?" And—

—we have some day to return the compliment of our visit thirty-seven years ago by inviting our church friends to the opening of our new Citadel. When, and where you ask. We answer, "Keep Believing."—A.E.T.

Commissioner Lamb conducted a service in Barlinnie Prison, Glasgow, on Sunday, the Governor expressing warm appreciation of The Army's work. The evening was spent by the Commissioner at the London Road Men's Shelter where three seekers were registered for Salvation, Staff-Captains Spicer and Large assisted.

"Babies' Day" in Winnipeg

Chilling Winds Fail to Overcome the Cheerfulness of an Army of Taggers



Brigadier (Dr.) Whittaker "tags" Mayor McLean.

Courtesy Manitoba Free Press.

THE BABIES captured Winnipeg on Saturday last; whether it was the happily conceived tableau in the Mall window of the Hudson's Bay Store, or the sweetly "fetching" life scene in Messrs. Robinson's Main Street window, or the facts and figures displayed in other prominent places—or the nursery cots which stood out in mute appeal on the sidewalks along Portage Avenue and Main Street—whatever it was, Winnipeg capitulated, and the Babies reigned supreme.

From early morning until late on in the evening an army of enthusiastic Taggers were hard at it. With smiles and gaiety which fought gallantly against the biting North wind, they held to their posts, and scarcely a man or a woman but yielded to their onslaughts. Here and there, of course, one came across a Mr. or Mrs. Scrooge who "preferred to give elsewhere," which more often than not means that they don't give at all. But why bother about such poor souls (they'll never need the benefits of Grace—they haven't earned them by their nature); when so much good will was manifested, one need not dwell on the stingy side of the picture.

Cold, Bitterly Cold

The weather was cold, bitterly cold, and the flags on the I.L.B.C. store only seemed to emphasize the fact; they fluttered most vigorously to the Arctic breeze and the folks in the street scurried along; but still the Taggers held the field, and of all ranks and ages, too. Mrs. Commissioner Rich and Mrs. Colonel Miller enjoyed and tagged and there were lady Colonels, and Brigadiers, and Majors and Staff-Captains and Commandants, to say nothing of Captains and Cadets, Victors and Crusaders, Songsters and Sergeants, and scarce a groan amongst them, in spite of, we say it again, that wretched wind.

There were doctors' wives and church ladies, and young High School damsels who had been pressed—no, who had joyfully enlisted in the service. Their smiles were as hearty and as warming as any that came from under an Army bonnet. The Grace Hospitaliers looked chilly in their white uniform, but really, you know, they were as warm, as warm, as warm as Grace Hospital itself.

The organization of the day left nothing to chance; indeed, it is long since we saw such evidences of a carefully planned and arranged affair. His Worship the Mayor had graciously inaugurated the Day with the purchase of a Tag from Brigadier Whittaker, and a Proclamation to the citizens of Winnipeg. The City Hall illuminated sign blazed forth the Event. "Free Press" and "Tribune" had generously and eloquently called attention to the needs of the hospital; Messrs. Eatons had decorated the windows of the Campaign Headquarters in a manner calculated to captivate the passers-by; until, surely, there were very

few in our midst who came out on Saturday morning unprepared for the event.

What stories some of the Taggers heard. Those intimate anecdotes which tell of the place "Grace" has in the hearts and family lives of so many citizens; reminding one of the fact that Babyhood and Grace Hospital are synonymous terms. More than one happy-hearted man and woman dropped their gifts in the boxes because of broken hearts having been healed, and blighted lives having been restored to beauty and brightness. Bright-eyed boys and girls danced gaily up to the Taggers, and were proudly on their little chests the emblem of the hospital where first they saw the light. "Grace" had indeed come to Winnipeg on Saturday last.

Chilly, but Undaunted Taggers

Major Oake shone as a genial Commander of the Forces; was this not the culmination of days of effort? With him, heart and soul, was Brigadier Merrett; his quips and rhymes had given a pep to some of the window displays. Staff-Captain Mundy brought all his usual vim to the event. Commandant Richardson was well on the job; Captain Carswell also, and—Oh, all the others! The Commissioner was out and about, cheering the chilly but undaunted Taggers—and so the day sped on to its joyful close. Starting at earlier than 6 a.m. some of the workers brought their Day to a close about 11 p.m. but it was a joyful moment when, as the finals were brought in, it indeed that has yet been done—it was announced that the splendid total of \$4,200 had been contributed. When one remembers the circumstances of the day, this is a great achievement, and the authorities at Grace draw a breath of relief once more, and thank God for that much lessening of the hourly financial burden.

Just a final word to say that the Champion Taggers were Miss D. Pound (who was in Mrs. W. W. Rowland's Brigade with \$86.30, and Capt. Violet Hinkley who brought in \$76.85).

The Revelations of a Tagger

(By J. M. in "The Winnipeg Tribune")

BE it known unto you all I am not a Salvation Army girl, but my experiences as a "Tagger" have certainly taught me something about human nature.

It was the tag day for the babies in Grace Hospital. We were on the job at 7.30 in the morning. My first customer came in sight.

"Would you like to buy a tag, sir?"—very politely.

"Not me! I bought a tag once and married the tagger. Never again!" A Packard roadster drove up to the

curb. Three men, all in derby hats and carrying canes stepped out.

"Never mind boys, I'll buy for all of us," said one gravely. He took three tags and put a dime in the box.

Along came a woman. Her answer was, "Not much! You won't get a cent out of me." She was wearing a mink coat, too.

A little old woman in a worn-out coat and torn shoes, right behind her. "I haven't much money, but you can have what I've got," she said. She put 42 cents in the box. I felt considerably cheered.

Next was a large, well built, distinguished looking man.

"I've already given to five girls and I'll give you some, but I won't wear a tag. I hate the idea of a tag. All these people give a nickel and walk around all day with a tag to show off. I won't wear one."

He put a quarter in the box. I didn't care whether he wore a tag or not.

Can't Be Bothered

A man, stout and prosperous looking, with a woman beautifully dressed, stopped to feed in his pocket for change. I held out my box, but the woman grabbed his arm and marched him along. "I'm in a hurry and can't be bothered waiting," she exclaimed. He looked back with a grin.

A very precise looking woman stopped.

"Tag, madam?"

"Tag. What for?"

"For the orphan babies, madam."

"Are you sure they are orphans?"

"Yes, madam."

"Are you sure it is a worthy cause?"

"Yes, madam."

The cross examination proceeded for another minute or two.

Then she gave me a nickel.

Two little boys in reefer coats accompanied by their mother arrived. One lad, the oldest, had a nickel and bought a tag. I pinned it on his coat and turned away. The mother, the most unceremoniously howl made me jump. I turned around. The noise came from the smaller boy. He hadn't said a word, just started to yell. His mother gave him a nickel and a wide grin banished the tears as he saw a button pinned to his coat.

Tag vs. Gumdrops

A little girl with long golden curls, who said her mamma had given her two cents for gum drops, wanted to buy a tag instead, and would I give her one for two cents. A minute later she walked off proudly with her badge.

That wasn't the smallest contribution during the day. One woman, nicely dressed and wearing a fur coat, gave me one cent and took a tag.

Sometimes a tagger's poise is ruffled. Three modern shiks came along and stood right behind me. I inquired if they would buy a tag. They all turned the lapels of their coats back, showed tags, and laughed uproariously.

"Enough of another one!" They seemed to think it was smart.

An old gentleman came along.

"What's it for? Grace hospital? Sure—all my grandchildren were born in Grace hospital." He gave me a quarter.

A girl of about 12 or 14 years came strutting along, carrying a tag and, evidently trying to be very grown-up. She carried a big purse.

"Tag, madam?" I said.

Pleased as punch, she dipped into the big bag and gave me a nickel.

An old man, poorly dressed, dug out 16 coppers and 80 cents in nickels and dimes. He put the whole lot in the box for a tag.

Another man parked at the curb in a Cadillac.

"Tag, sir?"

"Sure," he answered.

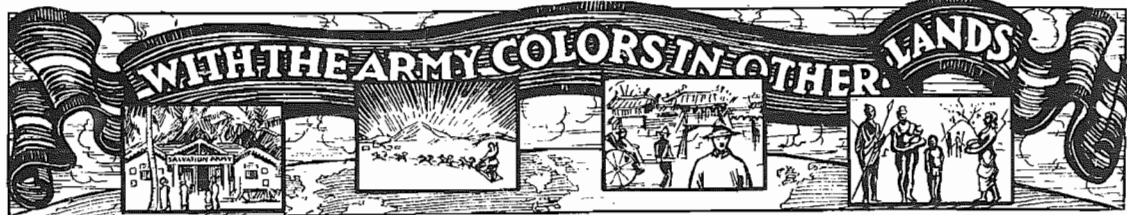
"Won't you have one of the big ones for your car, too?" I said, with visions of big money.

"Sure, put it on," he said. He gave me a dime for the two.

And that's the way it went all day long.

A Novel London Harvest Festival

A recent Monday morning's Kneecrunch at Migration House took the form of a harvest festival. By the generosity of comrades and friends a table was spread with fruit and flowers, and harvest songs were heartily sung. Afterwards, the harvest produce was taken to 'The Nest' at Clapton, as a special treat for the child inmates.



INDIA

"A place of peace"

The sight of the beggars in large Indian cities is a spectacle sufficiently pitiful to move the hardest of hearts. We learn from a record concerning the Christ-like service rendered by our comrades who help to relieve the sufferers, their plight—sitting by the roadside, with limbs wrapped in filthy bandages, or displaying terrible sores to the gaze of the pitiful onlooker—is deplorable indeed. One looks at their distorted bodies, marks the havoc wrought by disease, and wonders how it can be possible for the human frame to endure such great pain and misery.

The charitably-minded of Bombay have provided a Camp for the beggars of that city, and this institution, situated at Matunga, the "Place of Peace," is conducted by The Salvation Army. Residence in the Camp is voluntary. Devoted Indian Officers, Commandant Ghoshadi and Captain Gulab, are in charge, and are gladly spending themselves in the service of the sufferers. As one approaches Matunga, the Beggars' Camp has a pleasant appearance, for the Officers have planted fruit trees, vegetables, and the like. The produce is profitable when it comes to the preparing of the food provided for the several hundred people of the Camp.

Would Have Died in Misery

"Were it not for this Camp, many of these people would have died in misery," said a gentleman recently when he visited the Camp and saw our comrades carrying on their work of mercy. It was a fact difficult to realize as one looked at the crowd of hundreds people enjoying the rice, curry, chappatties, sweetmeats, and fruit provided for a special feast. Those who were able to come to the feast would never be able to take their place in life's battle; but thanks to the months of good food, attention, and compulsory cleanliness, as a company they looked remarkably well.

Many, of course, were old and deformed, even to make their way out to the compound, and for them other arrangements were made. A few of the people, after treatment and care, are able to do a little light work. There are a number of looms at the Camp, and these able to learn are taught to weave. For obvious reasons the disposal of Camp products in the outside market is out of the question. However, all cloth for their own clothes, and saris, shirts and jackets, is woven at the Camp, as well as strong bed tape, blankets, and similar goods for use in the Camp. Comfort, cleanliness and brightness mark every corner. Several of the sheds are devoted to the poor sufferers who are waiting for release from their earthly sufferings. Unpleasant doubts of suffering are removed in these sheds, but the gleam is lightened by the Christ-like ministrations of our dear and devoted comrades whose lives are spent on their behalf.

CHILI

New Corps opened

An Army Corps has been opened at Talca, a busy Chilean town of from forty to fifty thousand population. Twelve seekers were registered during the opening weekend, which was conducted by Brigadier Lindvall, who is in charge of The Army's work in South America (East), and Staff-Captain Dennis, the General Secretary.

A Fighter of the Past and Present

A Page from Salvation Army History in Switzerland

DURING the Centenary Call Campaign, not only will the young and strong be in action, but in many cases where possible, veteran warriors of other days will be responding to the Call so far as they have strength and opportunity. It is well, we suggest, particularly at this time of commemoration, to keep in mind the battles such comrades have fought, battles which help to make the conflict easier for the devoted Salvationists who follow on.

One bright and perennially young comrade who has always been quick to spring into action is Lieut. Colonel Kueper, whom we met in Switzerland recently, and who, in the early days of The Army's work in the Swiss Confederation, in common with many other comrades, fought with zeal and courage, enduring much persecution.

It is the Colonel's proud boast that she gave the first cup of coffee ever given to a Salvationist in Geneva. At that time she was employed at a pension. The persecuted Salvationists, she declares, won her over by their invincible courage.

The Fervent Glow of True Religion

By nature of a sanguine temperament and full of abounding life and energy, with a merry turn of mind, she had viewed the religionists she had met previously with some disfavor because she saw in them "they were all long-faced."

After her conversion, to her natural brightness and vivacity, was added the fervent glow of true religion. It was inevitable that such a comrade should gravitate towards Officership, and soon she was "in action."

Forty-two years ago the Colonel opened The Army's work in Basel. The buildings were packed from the first, and when a Hall was full, the police would lock the door, sometimes keeping even the Officers out. Meetings were held every afternoon and the residents were exceedingly numerous. In fact, the Colonel says, with a smile that he got utterly weary of doing with penitents, so much so that, she says, "I used to pray the Lord not to send more forward than I could find time to deal with. But still they come."

And all the time there was opposition. The police, however, were her friends, and upon one occasion prosecuted the roughs who had burnt powder in the Hall that had made the people sneeze tremendously. The roughs were sent to prison for three weeks. The Colonel had a word with her roughs before they departed, and said, "I not only want you to do the three weeks like good fellows, but when you come back I want you to clean my Hall, for it is all in disorder as a result of what you have done." Within a month the erstwhile roughs returned to the Colonel, and not only cleaned the Hall but went to the Penitent-Form afterwards.

"Down with this Woman"

That smile of the Colonel's has given her away more than once. So terribly bitter was the opposition experienced at Biel, in Switzerland, where she was stationed later, and so much was the property suffering, that she disguised herself, as she thought, and went among the crowd, pleading with them to stay their hands from damage, but all the time there was the old light in her eyes and the unmistakable smile about the corners of her mouth, and they cried, while they wielded their sticks and threw their stones, "This woman is one of them; down with her!" And she was in danger of finishing her career forthwith.

It was while she was stationed at Biel too, that the roughs stormed The Army building, and gaining possession, threw the piano out of the window. Upon one occasion, they marched in procession carrying a rudely constructed cross and crying, "Crucify the Salvationists!" Windows, doors, seats and heads were broken, while the spirit of opposition prevailed, and so long and often did the roughs shout and fight and jump that one night the floor gave way and the whole place was a wreck. "And," laughed the Colonel, "the only thing to be saved from it all was my tumburine." So with a smile and a tumburine, she began again.

Twenty years later the Colonel had the pleasure of once more entering Biel, a town which is now like so many others in Switzerland, to employ her term, "at The Army's feet."

ICELAND

Hsalprachoisherrin

to the rescue

In Iceland, as in many other countries, it was almost become a motto among the authorities: When in doubt, ask The Salvation Army, and so recently when a man in Reykjavik was sent to prison for smuggling spirits into the country, he went on hunger-strike, refusing food for ten days. The authorities appealed to the Hsalprachoisherrin. "Could they do something for the man?"

He was moved from prison to the Sailors' Home in Hafnarfjarðar and placed in a room which is devoted to prison, or ex-prisoners' work. He still refused to eat, and the Officers tried all they could to coax him to do so, without result. The Ensign in charge is required by the police authorities to examine the prisoners at least once a day.

Before going to the Holmes Meeting on Sunday morning she called and found this prisoner very weak and ill. "Would he drink a little milk?" she asked, but of course he would not have it. Taking a cupful of milk and a spoon she fed him until the cup was empty. He was too weak to resist swallowing the milk in his mouth, and was soon drinking greedily. He received under this treatment and began to accept solid food, and later application was made to the authorities to take him into the hospital. They decided to leave him under The Army's care, and paid for his board and lodging while he "finished his sentence."

JAPAN

Openings in Formosa and Saghalien

An important extension of Army activities in the Far East is reported from Japan, three or four days' sailing south of which lies the island of Formosa. This island has occasionally been visited by Lieut.-Commissioner Yamamura, but until recently it was not possible to spare men or money for the inauguration of work there.

Some time ago, however, a zealous Salvationist went to live on the island, and finding an open door of opportunity, commenced to hold Meetings with his neighbors. In response to urgent requests the Commissioner decided to establish The Army in a new land, and accordingly two Corps have now been opened on this southern island.

At the same time it has been found possible to respond to a call from the north, and arrangements have been made for the opening of a Corps on Saghalien, an island to the far north of Japan, away beyond Hokkaido.

In addition to these three Corps, six Corps have been opened in other parts of the Territory, and reports from each of these tell of crowded Halls, high enthusiasm, and many seekers for Salvation.

HOLLAND

Winning a wife

In a Salvation Meeting held in a questionable quarter of a Dutch town, a recent convert stood with arms outstretched, and fists clenched, praying in deadly earnestness. His was a most original utterance. He told God of his domestic trials and difficulties, and prayed for the Salvation of the wife.

At that moment his wife came forward and threw herself in a great heap of clothes and wretchedness, at the Penitent-Form, right under The Army Flag. Then she, too, began to pray aloud that the Saviour might forgive her. A "break" followed, when a number of others knelt at the Mercy-Seat.



One of the most interesting and fruitful fields of Missionary service is in the island of Celebes, an island of considerable size and importance in the Dutch East Indies. In Mid-Celebes, our pioneer Officers lived and worked among a semi-barbaric people—formerly head-hunters. In many places

The Army workers were the first white people the inhabitants had seen. The fact that we are making steady progress in such a land should prove encouraging to all who are interested in making known the saving grace of Jesus Christ. Our illustration depicts an Open-Air Meeting in Celebes.

Lieut.-Colonel Mary Jordan Promoted to Glory

AN innumerable company, almost, of women in the King's Dominions over-seas will feel with some regret of the passing of Lt.-Colonel Mary Jordan. Some of them may never know her by name, and they may never see this story, but they still treasure in their hearts kind thoughts of the true-eyed woman who spoke to them so practically in those days when they were first considering their adventure over-seas. But there are many others with us who will bear with true sorrow of the death of this noble Soldier Saint whose warfare was entwined with many of their old country Army recollections.

Lieut.-Colonel Mary Jordan "Warrior-Maker," as she has been called, was promoted to Glory on September 4th, after forty-five years of Army Officership.

Our promoted comrade was a splendid representative of the courageous, capable, and large-hearted women who have done so much to build The Army upon a sure foundation.

Her call to the work of an Army Officer was very definite, but this did not mean the lack of real trial and sore conflict before she found herself one of a fighting squad of Cadets in Clapton, in the year 1884. She was one of the first selected for Slum Work in the Seven Dials district, and so bitter was the hostility to the Salvationists that the Cadets could not wear uniform, even when they visited this area armed with old clothes and food for the needy.

A Glorious Victory

Her first Corps as Lieutenant was Callington (Cornwall), with a congregation of twenty at their best Meeting. She then assisted in the opening of Ottery St. Mary, where the Skeleton Army vigorously and viciously opposed the two girls, who were standing alone. God gave them a glorious victory, however, and among the first Converts was the captain of the Skeletons, who afterwards became a Salvation Army Officer.

Her Commands included Brisham, the opening of Wellington, St. Aubyn's, Guernsey 1, Scarborough, Sunderland, South Shields, Darlington, Newcastle 1, Middlesbrough, Aberdeen, and Norwich 1.

While at Norwich 1 the Adjutant was selected for the work of training women Cadets, and for her notable years of service in this connection Colonel Jordan will be lovingly remembered throughout The Army. By her humility and readiness to share all kinds of difficulties and hardships, and by her almost uncanny insight into character, she made an indelible impression upon hundreds who are now serving God and The Army as Officers in all parts of the world.

In her work at Migration House this true-hearted and almost flawless warrior had a sad, touching opportunity for influencing young women who were preparing to venture into new lands, and in this position, as in the Garrison, she rendered service of inestimable value.

When she entered upon retirement she was thoroughly exhausted physically, and during the last two years has suffered very acutely. The Colonel, however, demonstrated the true soldier's courage for her in these trying circumstances as when in vigorous health she faced the foe, and her testimony right up to the last conscious moment was that of a victor.

Greetings to Western Comrades

WRITING from Krugersdorp, Transvaal, Captain John Sullivan, our friend, says: "Greetings to our Western comrades. Everything is doing nicely with us here. Souls are coming to God, and in this we love and live for. There are many battles and obstacles for us to overcome, but we have an Almighty Christ, who does 'exceedingly abundant above all.'"

"With a holiness experience we can face devils, principalities, and powers with a 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.' Souls are coming; the symptoms of a great outpouring are at hand; a goodly number are kneeling at drum and fife, and Church members. We came here to fight the Lord's battles, and are sure of our calling."

Brigadier and Mrs. Layman say Farewell Affectionate Demonstration in Vancouver

WE have had some stirring farewell scenes in Vancouver during recent years, and their number has certainly been added to by the affectionate send-off which we have just accorded to Brigadier and Mrs. Layman, who, as readers of "The War Cry" are well aware, are now en route for their new Divisional Command in the Hawaiian Islands.

The Brigadier's last Sunday in Canada West was spent in a trio of visits; Grandview received him in the morning, while Mount Pleasant gave him a splendid greeting in the afternoon, and the Citadel had him with them in triumph for the evening. At each of these Meetings affectionate references were made to his own and Mrs. Layman's labours in our midst, and we were not unmindful of the fact that much of this labour has been enacted in the face of occasional serious physical disadvantages. There is small evidence of this, however, in the Brigadier's present activities.

Needless to say that the night Meeting in the Citadel was truly Army in its character; the capacity crowd stayed long and listened eagerly to the thrilling addresses which filled the time, and, best of all, a number of dear ones presented themselves at the Mercy-Seat.

On Monday evening our farewell comrades met for a social hour or so with the Officers of the City and the suburbs; all Departments of the City being represented. Many nice things were said then, and many more were felt, for both Brigadier and Mrs. Layman have evidenced a broadness of mind and heart which has made itself felt throughout our operations—municipal and provincial.

A most impressive, as well as a large and enthusiastic crowd, gathered in the Hastings Street Citadel for the final Farewell Demonstration on Monday night. The Hall was packed in every corner, and even the window-ledge were coveted as points of vantage.

An imposing array of Life-Saving Scouts and Guards filled a large part of the centre of the Auditorium, while on the platform there was a splendidly representative crowd. Among them we noted Mrs. Colonel Combs, Lt.-Colonels McLean and Phillips and their good ladies, and also Lt.-Colonels Goodwin and Payne, Major Allen and Majors Jaynes and H. Habkirk were also there; as were Staff-Captains Bourne and Acton. The latter good Comrade, and very welcome returnee, being in his element as Superintending Manager.

The Citadel and Grandview Bands were with us to full force, and greatly enlivened our proceedings; the former, at the special request of the Divisional Commander, rendered the noble selection "My Fortress," to the great joy of all in the audience, especially to those others of us with whom it is such a favourite.

The retiring Divisional Commander's last official act, most gracefully performed, was the introduction of the work done by Allen as the Regimental Guard Leader for Vancouver and District. We have heard stories of her prowess in Winnipeg, and for her sake, as well as for their own, the Scouts and Guards gave her a vociferous welcome, in which we most willingly joined.

It was so much to expect that we can bear in mind all that was said by the long list of representative speakers—each of them could well have doubted their orations—but it will be of interest to your readers to know that they all spoke in appreciative terms of the work done by the Division during the Brigadier's term. Y.P.S.M. Brown of Grandview, spoke for the Local Officers; Major Jaynes, in his own inimitable manner, for the Men's Officers; Adjutant Cubitt for the Corps Officers; Lt.-Colonel Payne for the Women's Social; and Lt.-Colonel Phillips as the Territorial Headquarters deputy.

In feeling terms Mrs. Layman spoke of the pleasure she had had in her service in our midst, and of her high personal appreciation of the thorough comradeship which exists among us.

The Brigadier shared in the Salvationistic demonstration we had accorded to Mrs. Layman, and it was evident that he was touched in no small degree by our heartiness. He spoke in a profoundly stirring manner of the high calling of Army Officership, and the responsibilities as well as the pleasures of the same, and, coming down to personal details, told us how great had been his joy because his call had brought him to work in our midst.

Staff-Captain Acton pulled in the Meeting, as we say, in his own striking manner, and, calling the entire Layman Family to the front, he invoked the blessing of Almighty God upon them individually and collectively. The entire congregation joined in this act of Dedication, and gave it a final touch of sacredness by the united singing of our own consecration chorus:

"All my days and all my hours
"Shall be Thine, dear Lord."
—G.A.

An Appreciation

BRIGADIER Archie Layman has been in command of the Southern British Columbia Division since August, 1925, and during that period has become a well-known Army figure in the life of our community. He is one of those individuals who, quickly become adapted to the sphere in which they are placed, and readily assume the responsibilities of that Army comradeship which is the hallmark of all true Salvationists.

He has natural gifts which help him in this direction. The good Lord has blessed him with some physical capabilities, and a balanced, happy-go-lucky, yet withal, a studious Salvationism which has stood him in good stead during the years of his Officership.

His home-town is Kingsville, Ont., and there he was first attracted to The Army by the Open-Air messages of the local Corps, his conversion being of a very definite character. Straightaway he wore a badge declaring his association with The Army, and, as a result, he took an active part in Corps activities.

Within ten months of his conversion he was a Cadet in the Toronto Training Garrison, and he declares that much of his subsequent success as an Officer has to be attributed to the T.G. Principal of that day.

After a term of usefulness as a single Officer he became united in Army and marriage bonds to Ensign Edith Mercer, and together they commanded many important Corps in Canada East. In 1921 our comrades were appointed to the command of the Ottawa Division; they came out West in 1925, and have made themselves very much a part of our Western comradeship.

It will be remembered that the Brigadier has passed through a season of physical anxiety in regard to his own health, and that about two years ago grave fears were entertained on his account. There is, however, little present evidence of that struggle; he has regained his former robust health, and looks forward with a keen and spiritual anticipation to a long term of service in The Army.

The fact that Mrs. Layman did excellent service at many Corps of note in the days before her marriage, has given her especial knowledge of the circumstances of Corps life—public and private—and has been of tremendous assistance to her in her share of Divisional responsibilities. Ever ready to act the sisterly part, and ever ready to answer the call of duty, she will be much missed in Vancouver and the Division generally.

Brigadier and Mrs. Layman proceed to the command of the Hawaiian



Why the Business Dwindled

A Smart Ruse by the
Winnipeg City Police.
(Reprinted from "The Tribune")

EXPEDIENTS for separating fools and their money are many and varied. Even the Great War, with all its tragedy and horror, is not always eschewed as a means of raising money.

The Winnipeg City Police have just closed a war relics exhibition, operating on one of the main thoroughfares. Obviously, the place, like Caesar's wife, was above suspicion. You entered, and ranged around were helmets, guns, bayonets, gas masks, views and other mementoes of the war. When you'd made the tour, you found a plate near the entrance, on which, if you were so minded, you could lay a voluntary contribution.

On the surface, that was all there was to it. But complaints reached the police that wayfarers were in some way or other getting leached of this harmless war relics exhibition. A little sum in arithmetic showed conclusively that the rent, light, and other obvious expenses of the place were not being met by voluntary contributions put on the plate.

The fact was that the affair, under its innocent guise, was operating questionable games and really free amusement parlor devices. But as a war relics exhibition it escaped the city license department and the control of the license inspector.

Complaints continued to reach the police, but proof of unlawful practice was hard to get. Control, however, can be exercised in subtle and unchallengeable ways.

A policeman turned up. He explained that he had come to protect the place. He had come for the proprietor's own good. There had been trouble, and if further trouble arose, the proprietor might be fined, or sent to prison, or both. So he was there to forestall any such regrettable happening.

The proprietor protested that he did not want the policeman's protection, that it was entirely unnecessary, and that in short he would prefer to do without it. But the policeman was obdurate. Protection must be afforded.

Business dwindled to nothing, and within a short time the doors of the exhibition closed. When George I. went over to England, he said in his broken English: "Gentlemen, I come for your good." The policeman had the same idea of the "good" that the policeman was doing him.

(Now what a pity that the City Council cannot take similar action with some of the other places which, in our opinion, are equally "worthy" of police attention. You know what we mean.—Ed., "War Cry.")

Is the World Getting Better?

Commander Eva Booth was once asked by a reporter, "Do you think the world is getting better?"

With quickness of wit she shot back at him, "Well, I am doing all I can to make it better. What are you doing?"

Islands Division with the hearty good wishes of all their Canadian comrades, and with their prayerful thoughts for them and their smart and convinced Salvation family. We predict for them a beautiful stay in their new and beautiful surroundings, and for our American comrades the incoming of those who will heartily respond to the warm welcome which one learns to expect from our brothers and sisters across the Line.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in

Founder **William Booth**
General **Bramwell Booth**

Canada West and Alaska
International Headquarters
London, England

Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Jer.

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OCTOBER 4th, 1890

This issue of "The War Cry" will reach most of our readers on or about October 4th. Let us give thought for a few moments to the ever-glorious memory of Catherine Booth, the Mother of The Army, who on this date, thirty-eight years ago, was Promoted to Glory.

JESUS MUST NOT BE EXCLUDED

A Word to Grain Growers

We were greatly impressed by the reports of the proceedings of the General Council of the United Church of Canada, which was recently held in Winnipeg, especially did we take note of some remarks by Dr. Endicott, the retiring Moderator. What he said was so timely, and seemed so worthy of repetition, that we take advantage of our opportunity to pass it along to our readers.

"Grain growing," said Dr. Endicott, "is an industry dear to the heart of God, if ever there could be one. It is fundamental in the life of men; it is also something that must be done in the Kingdom of God. It must be remembered, however, that it is a realm that can be invaded by evil just as much as any other. Jesus picked out a grain grower for that story that haunts us yet, the story of bursting barns, and Christ saying, 'Thou fool!'"

"Let us not suppose that the story is ended yet," warned the moderator as he went on to tell how he asked a man in Winnipeg several years ago what the prospects were for a revival in the church throughout the west. The man had answered, "Just as long as the farmers raise 20 bushels to the acre and have eighty cent wheat."

"I take this area as an example to show how secularism can invade an area. We can be a great prosperous grain growing people yet lose our own souls. We can be prosperous in mining, stock raising or any other business and do the same. It is our business to see that Jesus is not excluded."

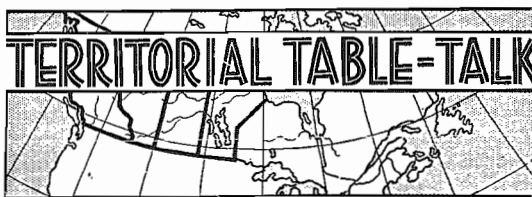
COMMISSIONER HENRY C. HODDER

THE San Francisco "War Cry" announces that Commissioner Hodder is taking charge of the Training Garrison in that city pending the arrival of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. B. Taylor. Colonel George Davis, who has recently vacated the Principalship of the Western Garrison, is now in Chicago, having been appointed by the General to the charge of the Central States Training operations.

An Odd Experience

Odd experiences come to our comrades when on active service, which are interesting though sometimes disconcerting. A Lassic collector recently called at a house in a Manitoba town and on rapping at the partially-opened door heard a loud voice say, "Hallo!" The Lassic replied, "I'm collecting for The Salvation Army. The voice grew to a loud screech. "Oh, is that SO?" it roared.

The Lassic found to her intense relief, when the lady of the house came to the door, that she had been addressed by a loquacious parrot.



Winnipeg, September 27th

Lieut.-Colonel Sims will be the Commissioner's representative at the Alaskan Congress to be held at Ketchikan from October 26th to 30th. This will also be the occasion of the introduction of Staff-Captain and Mrs. Acton to the Alaska Division. Lieut.-Colonel Phillips, too, will be present. Evidently all is set for a "good time."

Lt.-Colonel McLean is now conducting a soul-saving tour in the Central States Territory; we feel sure that those to whom he ministers will have lively and spiritually enjoyable times.

Lieut.-Colonel Ernest Pugmire, the Chief Secretary for Japan, recently narrowly escaped a serious accident. The train following the one by which he returned to Tokio from furlough fell 100 feet from the track owing to a heavy flood, and there were many casualties.

As mentioned elsewhere, Brigadier John Merrett has been busily engaged during recent days on "Babies' Day" duties; his artistry and poetry were great factors in the success of the Day.

Kindly note—Winnipeg Grace Hospital Graduation—1928 Class—is now definitely fixed for Friday, October 26th. Young Church has been taken for the event.

The Christmas "War Cry" will be a beauty, so say the Printers who now have the matter in hand, and are already getting up steam for an early delivery. More about this next week.

Staff-Captain Harry Dray is out on the Field doing Audit duty at several important centres; this will be good news for his many well-wishers.

Staff-Captain Mundy laid down his duties at T.H.Q.s. on Thursday last amidst the farewelling salvos of those who have benefitted by his gracious doings during some part of the last nine years.

Just a line to say that Commandant Carroll is still among the living millions; and Mrs. Carroll are very grateful for kindly enquiries concerning their daughter Louise, who is now recovering from surgical attentions at Grace Hospital.

Their comrades in Canada will be interested in hearing that Captain and Mrs. Wm. Mepharm, of Java, have been transferred to Corps duty. We understand that their Territorial Leaders were reluctantly obliged to make this change owing to the impossibility of having their little one resident in the Leper Colony at Pelantoengan.

Major Oake is a temporary visitor at Winnipeg Grace; he cheered on the Troops so much for the Tag Day that he has had to have his tonsils removed. He shares Ensign Harrington's room. They that fear the Lord speak often one to another.

We are glad to report that although she is not likely to leave the hospital for some days, Mrs. Adjutant D. Johnstone continues to make excellent progress toward recovery.

Another Wedding, and on an eventful date, too. Captain Ernest Fitch and Lieutenant Gladys Venn, on October 4th by the Field-Secretary. Lieut.-Colonel Taylor, at the Training Garrison.

Hearty good wishes to the young lad who has recently taken up his abode at the Medicine Hat Quarters; we understand that he has been entered on the Cradle Roll as Wilfred Harley Hammond.

The Centenary Cadets have no need to be ashamed of their Session Band; it was litigiously tuneful on Sunday morning last as they paraded for the Citadel.

Have you ever heard the Commissioner tell this story? Like most of his, it has a good point to it.

A gentleman once went down to one of the Southern States and there had several services done him by an old colored man. As a token of gratitude he presented him with a Commentary. Two years later they met again, and the gentleman asked his friend how he liked the gift. "Oh, sah," he said, "it is beautiful—beautiful; but I find the Bible throws a lot of light on it."

THE COMMISSIONER'S MOVEMENTS

NO sooner has he completed the somewhat exacting programme of the past weekend—the Reception of the New Cadets, and other contingent items, than the Commissioner has to proceed far afield to Vancouver, where he undertakes some important engagements in connection with the Financial Campaign which is now proceeding there.

Our readers will understand that an eminently promising venture is engaging the attention of our Coast comrades, having for its object the collection of financial obligations in connection with Grace Hospital, Vancouver, and its kindred institutions. The Campaign reports which are reaching the Commissioner are of a distinctly encouraging nature.

Our Leader will be with the Citadel comrades for the Meetings of Sunday next, September 30th—meeting the combined forces of the city during the afternoon. On the Monday he has a lengthy programme of private interviews and speaking engagements, including a Council with the Officers of the district.

The evening of Monday will be devoted to the Installation of the new Divisional Commander: Staff-Captain and Mrs. Morrison are due to arrive in the city on Monday, having already said their farewells to the Soliery of the Alberta Division.

AN URGENT CALL

TEACHERS AND OTHERS PLEASE NOTE

The Commissioner makes another S.O.S. call on behalf of the comrades of Canyon City, B.C. This thriving Army Settlement on the banks of the Naas River offers one of the finest opportunities among our Native people.

The Local Officers and Soldiers have recently subscribed over \$2,000 towards the building of a new Hall, to be ready for opening on the end of October, and now they beg for the appointment of a teacher for the village school, which would be run under the auspices of the Corps and be subject to a Government grant.

Here is a splendid opening for some Comrade who may not be altogether fitted, or really interested in the matter; and it is the belief that this appeal will meet the eye of such an one the Commissioner again calls attention to the position.

The matter is urgent, not only because of the spiritual and educational needs of the people of the district, but because the Naas River boats cease to run after the middle of November when the stream becomes too low for navigation.

Apply immediately by telegraph (if necessary) to Commissioner Rich, 317 Carlton St., Winnipeg, stating age, qualifications and references.

ALBERTA PROVINCIAL CONGRESS

THE Commissioner announces the dates of this important and interesting event as being from November 16th to 20th. Officers and Soldiers of the Province have already been informed and we understand that anticipation is even now keen. The Commissioner and Mrs. Rich will be in command, and a special item in the programme will be the introduction of the new Field Secretary, Lt.-Colonel Peacock.

STAFF-CAPTAIN WYCLIFFE BOOTH

A warm welcome was accorded Staff-Captain Wycliffe Booth on his arrival at Felling for the week-end Meetings. A number of people lining the streets as the train proceeded through the town towards the Hall for the first gathering—says Captain Thomas. It was in this district that the Founder spent some of his time during his early ministry.

Previous to the night Meeting, the Staff-Captain visited comrades who were sick and also old Soldiers of the Corps, taking to them messages of encouragement. One comrade, who had been bedridden for seven years, informed the Staff-Captain of the blessing that had been received through reading the life of Miriam Booth.

She came along with six children, and put a dime in the box and said pathetically, "Would you mind giving them one each?" No wonder the Tag Day was such a success!



"THE LAST LETTER"

Staff-Captain T. Mundy has occupied the post of Private Secretary to the Territorial Commander for the past four years of that period he has been served with Commissioner Rich. Our illustration depicts the last task of a well-done duty.

Photo: R. Hoon, Winnipeg.

THE OPENING OF THE "CENTENARY" TRAINING SESSION

IT is no use saying that one Reception of Cadets is like any other that has gone before, for the reverse is the fact. It may be that we are in the same building as on the last occasion, and that much the same Officers are assisting in the ceremonies—but the Cadets are not the same. The Overcomers succeed the Conquerors—and they are not alike; the Victors follow on after the Overcomers—and certainly there is a difference; the Victors are followed by the "Centenary Crusaders"—and we note a few changes; but it's all One Army!

Anything has stirred our hearts during these last few days it is what we call the Family Succession in things pertaining to The Army. We have had occasion to think about one dear couple, who have gladly given up two members of their family to Officership, and neither of those two have had soft jobs, nor easy posts; they have both had to contend with financial straits, and difficult tasks. But here comes along a third, full of the vim and joy of life, and gladly entering on the same Service of Poverty to which his brother and sister dedicated themselves. All around us we see the same thing—happy children who have heard of and shared in their parents' officership privations, gladly come along to take up the same blessed Cross-bearing. What a marvel of joy and faith it all is!

MORNING

Winnipeg Citadel Corps and Crumades were ready to give the new Cadets their morning salute on Sunday last, and, though somewhat shyly and with a diffidence which will wear off, the young Undergraduates were willing to respond.

The Commissioner and Mrs. Rich and the Territorial Staff, together with Brigadier and Mrs. Carter and their associates from the Garrison, were all of one mind to make the day a great one in the experiences of the new comers, and from start to finish it sped along thus—wards.

The Commissioner showed himself, as usual, a pastmaster in the art of getting the most out of a Meeting, and when we left the Citadel at 12:35 we could not help remarking on the full programme which we had relished in so short a time.

Prayers by Lt-Colonel Taylor and Mrs. Brigadier Carter; songs and consecration choruses; Trite, sometimes naive, testimonies from Cadets Shiffence and Henly (Women) and Haworth and Slaus (Men); and some charmingly worded thoughts from Ensign Schwartz formed the first part of our fare.

Brigadier Carter's address, based on the first few verses of "The Acts" was a call to higher service; his plea for a more definite recognition of the work of the Holy Spirit in the world and His will for us, caused some heart-searchings, and a moving towards that consecration for which the whole Meeting appealed.

AFTERNOON

As one would imagine the afternoon Meeting took on a *flair* which would have been somewhat out of place in the earlier session. The building was now filled up with some whose consciences had compelled them to attend their own Corps in the morning, but who had been set free from Junior Corps duties by reason of the City Council Epidemic Order. The Cadets were getting used to their surroundings and were nearly at saluting point—not quite!

They burst upon the audience in song—as they had done in the morning—but this time with a martial air which they felt hope will dispense "Make way for the Victors." (We're our doubts, Ed.) The words run thusly and not very rhythmically:—

Here we are! Here we are!

In the fight for right.

Crusaders so brave and true.

Here we are! Here we are!

By Jehovah's might,

Under the Yellow, Red, and Blue.

We're saved by the Blood of the Son of God,
And pledged to the fame of a noble name.

More than overcomers we will be;

More than victors by His grace are we;

We are true Crusaders ever!

THE COMMISSIONER and MRS. RICH

Conduct enthusiastic Welcome Meetings in Winnipeg

Other items from a pretty full afternoon programme were words of prayer by Sergt. Weir; a set of rollicking choruses by the audience; Percy Merritt's March "Carry On"; and then another outburst of "Here we are!"

Followed then the Naming of the Cadets from Alberta and Saskatchewan; interspersed with a Chorus from the Citadel Songsters—"The Great Call"; and then the Naming of the Cadets from British Columbia and Manitoba.

In performing this part of our welcome ceremonies the Commissioner took occasion to say that at least eight other Cadets were on their way, and would arrive in Winnipeg during the next few days.

Staff-Captain Mundy called us to attention, so to speak, with some choice gathered thoughts on the "Treasure hid in the Field", and likened the Cadets to those who had sold their all so that they might purchase that Treasure; and how great a Treasure they little think in these days.

NIGHT

The old Citadel was packed for the evening Meeting, and late comers had some difficulty in finding comfortable seats. The Cadets occupied the Firing Line, and the Band and Songsters gracefully retired—out of sight only, not out of sound. The Y.P. Band was up in high places in the gallery, and the scene was all set. How the house rang with "Christ receive thy sinful men." If we had been a New Cadet fresh from the country it would have stirred us, we think; it did as it was. He does receive sinful men, bless His glorious Name!

Staff-Captain Steele led us in impassioned prayer, and Mrs. Rich furthered our appeals. Then, in a song which caused us to hum under our breath, the Cadets sang that great hymn which we sing too seldom:

"All ye that pass by
To Jesus draw nigh."

We would much have liked to have heard the congregation sing at least one verse with them.

Cadets Chalk and Saunders—Women—stirred us with their testimonies—heart-felt and to the point. Cadets Cochrane and Yarelt brought an intense feeling into our midst, and again memory was busy. The appeal of this Army of ours is both intimate and wide-flung.

Adjutant Davies was, as usual, thrilling in her appeal: we saw the crowd who came to Jesus, and we saw the individuals, but most of all we saw "the woman who was a sinner" and whom the Lord welcomed so tenderly; what a message is that of the Lord's gospel! And to further it all the Songsters sang ever so sweetly "Bless the Lord for ever."

The Y.P. Citadel Band added their tunelessness, and the congregation rose to sing "What a Friend we have in Jesus"; surely the Saviour was in our midst and "lifted up". The thrill of the Band music stays with us to-day; we have heard the Citadel Band time and time again, and always there is some new blessing for us. Sunday night it was the swell of the finale in "For you I am praying".

And then the Commissioner came along. He had thrown overboard some carefully considered notes, and with an emphasis which must have been missed by few in our midst, he spoke again of the Christ who so utterly forgets our yesterdays as to become our Lord for ever. What a mercy He does! And yet, we were reminded, He is just the same to-day. What He was to the weary, jaded, disappointed, sinful folks of His days on earth, He is to us to-day. We wish we could set it down as it came to us, but one thought remains with us yet, even though it may not be exactly as the Commissioner phrased it:—"God gives every man a square deal no matter what his yesterdays may have been."

The tender wooing note was in our Leader's last words, and gently and winningly he brought us to the Prayer-Meeting minutes of personal faith and dealing. One by one the seekers came until a goodly row of them were before us and down before the Lord, and we were with them. The singing was of the wooing note, too:

"Only He can set thee free,
Who waits to be a Friend to thee,
Dark indeed the past has been,
But bring it to the sinner's Saviour."

Brigadier Carter later on took charge of the Prayer-Meeting, until, amidst shouts of joy and singing of songs of jubilation the First Sunday of the Session came to a close. The Centenary Crusaders had taken the Field—no, they've to wait for nine months for that; they had made their first contacts with the generosity and comradeship of the Winnipeg Solidarity who dearly love a Cadet.

THE GARRISON RECEPTION

WE have an idea that there are many throughout the regions of Canada West who would have given much to have been in the Upper Room of the Training Garrison on Friday evening last when the Cadets of the Centenary Session made their first touch with the Commissioner and some representative members of the Territorial Staff.

The room in question is already the shrine of some sacred memories for us, and more are now added to that number, for while there was a lot of quiet fun and "give and take" the other evening, there was a sense of coming to God, and of standing on the threshold of a holy purpose.

To speak quite plainly to those who are not "quite Army" and who do not understand our regimental language, the occasion was the Reception of the Cadets, and their introduction to the Staff of the Garrison. The young men and women comprising the 1928 Session promise to be no less alert than many of their predecessors. There is a goodly company of Children of the Garrison who are now accomplishing some of the work made for them on their Dedication Day. There are, too, those who have fought their way to the Garrison through parental opposition and misunderstanding, and who know full well they have forfeited much of the good will of home.

However, to them all came the challenging words of the Commissioner, when he likened them to that company of whom it was said: "They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward, saying, 'Come and let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant'." It needed no fanciful imagination to understand that such was the purpose of all in that room—Staff Officers as well as newly-pledged Cadets.

The sacredness and opportunities of the hour were well emphasised by all who spoke, including Mrs. Commissioner Rich, Mrs. Colonel Miller, Lt-Colonels Taylor, Sims and Joy, and others.

Happy reference was made by the Commissioner to the members of the Garrison Staff, including the newly appointed members thereof, Staff-Captain Mundy (Chief Side Officer for Men) and Mrs. Mundy. Brigadier Carter accepted his new charges with that whole-heartedness which so eminently characterises him; and then in some forceful and reminiscent moments the Commissioner spoke of his own and The Army's thoughts and purposes for them.

It was indeed a fitting opening to what we trust will be a Session which will commemorate fittingly the Centenary Year of our glorious Founder.

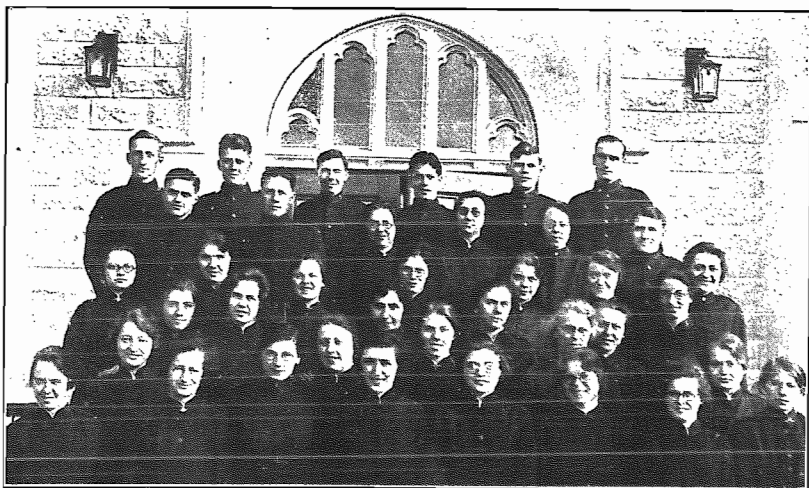


Photo: E. J. Cook, Winnipeg.

The first arrivals of the "Centenary" Session.

The Deliberations of Daniel Domore

Yours down but not out,
Daniel Domore.



Sister W. Nelson; Commissioner Ric h; Cadet Bert Yariett; Mrs. Captain O'Donnell; Captain W. J. O'Donnell.

Our BANDSMEN AND SONGSTERS!



The Battle of the Drums

The Army moves so quickly that our history is made one day and forgotten the next. It is good, however, that we should remind ourselves of the troublesome and difficult paths by which we fought our way in earlier times, and this stirring tale from our American history is one that should not be forgotten, and should be of special interest to our Bandmen readers. The first chapter was taken from a pamphlet which was published at the time of "The Battle of the Drums" by Colonel W. Jenkins, who, as the Divisional Officer, took a prominent part in those exciting scenes. Chapter I was published last week; this week we continue the story with a contribution from the pen of Colonel George Davis, now Principal of the Chicago Training Garrison; he is the Ensign of the story.—Ed.

Our Occasional Talk

"TAKE ANOTHER"

Boasting of the past is a poor way to achieve success for the future. He who rests satisfied with a victory will soon experience defeat. Salvationists, especially, must never relax their zeal; for if they suspend their toils, and begin to recount the triumphs they have won, they may shortly lament their hasty exultation, and repent their failures and their sins. While we go forward we are safe; when we stop we are preparing to turn back.

A story in point is told of the celebrated English general, Sir Charles Napier. At the battle of Meeanee an officer who had been doing good service came up to him, and said, "Sir Charles, we have taken a standard." The general looked at him, but made no reply, and turning round, began to speak to some one else; upon which the officer repeated, "Sir Charles, we have taken a standard." The general turned sharply round, upon him and said, "Then take another."

Thus we may imagine that the Captain of our Salvation would answer many a boasting disciple who prides himself on what he has already accomplished; and if much of the breath spent in reporting the past were used in making sure the tremendous future, it would not be spent in vain. It is too early for idle triumphing and vain self-gratulation. The hour for counting trophies and dividing spoils has not arrived; and to those who boast of capturing a standard or taking a city, the proper answer is, "Take another." "Take another."

LOOKING OVER

PEOPLE who look over are just a little doubtful in their character. None of us quite like to have them peering over our shoulder.

There's the individual who, sitting next to us, furtively reads our paper. Of course, it may be that he has anything but a mean nature. Yet, all the same, there seems to be something sly about the look-over. To many of us, it's a part of our nature. It is an undue sense of curiosity. Nothing more than that. Curiosity is a fine thing, but uncured it is a bad possession. It tends to dishonesty. In fact, when we try to read surreptitiously, we are stealing. Perhaps that is a rather far-fetched statement, but it is pure logic.

The paper we are slyly reading has been bought and paid for by the owner of it. And if we read some portion of it without permission, we are taking an infinitesimal fraction of the money spent on that paper. We ought to say: "May we read your paper?" That is all moonshine, of course.

Are your lookers-over are not, as a rule, nice persons. We all know them. They are not only with us in the railway train, but we find them in the office when we get there. None of us like putting our blotting-paper over the private letter we are writing, but if we are wise, we will have the courage to do so, or we shall find the gossip bus.

These lookers-over are always busy-bodily themselves about things which have nothing at all to do with them. They nose about, and peer, and interfere without so much as blinking an eye. And when we are out of sight—why they are just the kind of people who open our letters and read them.

CHAPTER II

From the foregoing our readers will see something of the position of affairs between the police and the Army in Philadelphia during the summer of 1899. Instructions had been given by the police authorities directing the disuse of all processional or Open-Air Meetings, music except at street Meetings on Sunday. This was agreed to, but a little later orders were given by the police entirely prohibiting the use of drums on the streets, and also in the Halls on Sundays. To this strong exception was taken by the Divisional Commander of the day—Brigadier (now Commissioner) Gifford—although the greatest care was taken to conciliate the authorities as much as possible. Finally, however, a small company of our opponents, allied with the police, petitioned the Mayor and obtained a warrant for the arrest of one of the Officers—Captain Turner, of the Corps in a district called Manayunk, on a charge of "keeping and maintaining a nuisance, tending to riot."

The Captain was arrested and a true bill being found against him a few days later by the grand jury; this seemed to be the signal for the opening of a general campaign, not only to get the Salvationists off the streets, but to deprive them of liberty in their own Halls.

Over Thirty Arrests were Made

In a short while over thirty arrests were made, sometimes in such scenes as described above. Officers and Bandmen—particularly drummers—were included. At one time during the fifty-five days that the persecution lasted there were no instruments at all were to be used, so they had all been carefully put away before the Meeting began.

The Meeting had not been long in progress when a police lieutenant and 12 of his men burst into the tent in which it was being held and forced their way to the platform. They placed under arrest twelve Bandmen there, notwithstanding that there were no instruments in sight—not even the drum—amidst scenes of tumultuous and angry expostulations from the part of the entire congregation. The drum was found by a policeman, who

crawled under the platform to get it, and was also taken "under arrest."

The result of this ridiculous action was what might have been expected. The public was aroused—many responsible citizens protested with the result that the very next day the prosecutions were quashed by the higher authorities, and the police told, in effect, to stop annoying the Salvationists.

Now comes the sequel, of great interest and a considerable amount of humor. The prisoners were released, but not the drums! Twenty-one of them were still in the custody of the police, who made no suggestion of returning them. Thereupon Brigadier Gifford despatched Ensign Davis with a letter to the chief of police requesting that the drums be handed over. The Ensign took ten men with him to help bring them home to their lawful owners.

On arriving at the police station at the city hall, the Ensign saw first that his ten assistants were comfortably seated, and then presented his letter to the official, who protested that he knew nothing about the drums. Whereupon the Ensign suggested that he make enquiries, as he and his friends were in no hurry, but they could not leave without them. After a lot of bluster on the one side and quiet insistence on the other, the now thoroughly disturbed police officer had to send for a subordinate who was instructed to make a search. After while they began to get results and soon a fine collection of drums were piled up in the office. "Now you are all right," said the chief, "take them and go." "Not so," said the Ensign. "There are only nineteen drums here—I must have the other two—twenty-one in all."

After some argument and discussion, it came out that the two missing instruments had been "arrested" by two policemen who were at that moment on duty in different and distant parts of the city. They were sent for and a long wait ensued. Meanwhile word of what was going forward had got around and the office was filling up with newspaper reporters and others, all highly interested and amused at the turn of events.

Taking home the Drums

Outside a crowd was gathering, the news having spread that The Army was "taking home the drums." At length the much needed pair of policemen appeared and after they had made a rather prolonged search, they in turn brought up the required instruments and the number was complete—twenty-one!

"Now," said the much-discomfited official—"get out of here with your drums as quickly as you like." "Not yet," gently replied the Ensign. "This officer here"—indicating one of the policemen—"arrested this drum from my process-

A WORD TO SOLOISTS

Few things have more power to reach the heart and move the soul of men than a well-rendered vocal solo. It is also the supreme test of a performer's musical ability and talent; consequently, careful preparation is indispensable.

If you are a soloist, never fail to study your theme. Get to know what it is you have to express, for you must remember that a piece of music is not merely a lot of notes put on paper to be sung anyhow. Music is an art, something which affects emotions and sensibilities. Before you can hope to interpret it correctly, you must take your copy and give it close consideration in order to find all the subtle meanings of the various passages.

Your rendering will very largely depend upon your character, knowledge, refinement, spirituality, and feeling. So that if you would be a good soloist, be gentle, wise, thoughtful, Christlike, for how can anyone express what one does not feel?

THE PIANO

The piano is one of the few common objects about whose invention no doubt exists. It is agreed that the first piano was made by the Italian Christofori in 1709. The problem of fitting a harpsichord with hammers having until then avoided solution. The first piano that came to England was made by an English monk at Rome, and "although its touch and mechanism were so imperfect that nothing quick could be executed upon it, in a slow movement like the Dead March, it excited wonder and delight."

FOR MEN ONLY

A note to men only! Have you ever come across a man who has an irritating habit when he meets you of picking a speck, or hair, or bit of fluff from your coat-collar? I think it is rather bad manners, but it is astonishing how often it is done. You see, though the man may mean well, it gives you the impression that he is looking at your clothes, and not at you, and he makes you feel horribly conspicuous. If a man's eyes look kindly, why be concerned about the perfection of his coat or the straightness of his tie?

And he must take it back and hand it over to me at the place where he took it from me. "That's right," said the chief, "he must do that if you insist on it."

"Oh! Captain," said the unhappy officer, beginning to shake and remembering that the spot in question was about three miles away, "don't make me, do that! I shall never hear the end of it!"

It was evident he felt his position keenly—looking unutterable things. However, after the Ensign had taken the opportunity of saying a plain word or two to him he mercifully dropped the subject. Then he turned to the eyes of the astonished officials and to the great delight of the onlookers, the drums were strapped up—two to each man—one in front and one behind. The Ensign kept the odd one for himself!

He lined his troops up in the office and then, on the inside, and after giving a starting signal, he commenced to sing in stentorian tones, "We're marching on to war, we are, we are," leading off with a tremendous thump on his drum, and accompanied by ten others equally tremendous.

And so, singing and drumming, this strange procession in single file—made its way down the stairs of the city hall, out into the courtyard, and along Market Street, the principal street of the city, amidst the huge crowd that had gathered and was now applauding and clapping to see that The Army had at last beaten the conspirators and won the day. They were taking home the drums.

CENTENARY CALL CAMPAIGN

"Ye are My Witnesses"

saith the Lord.

ARE YOU?



Triumphant Harvest Scenes at Saskatoon Citadel

(Special to the War Cry)

ENVOY GEORGE DINSDALE has led the Saskatoon Citadel Soldiers through a week-end of Victory. The Harvest Thanksgiving Celebrations were conducted by our visitor with all sections of the Corps in fighting trim.

At every Open-Air the Bandsmen and Comrades were helmeted with straw hats; great attraction; resulting in good crowds at morning and afternoon Meetings, and a packed Citadel at night, when there were some wonderful scenes at the Mercy-Seat.

Backsliders returned to the Fold, and definite crises of conversion were witnessed amid fervent Hallelujahs and rejoicings.

The enrolment of eight new Soldiers took place during the night Meeting, and a record Harvest Altar Service was conducted. We praise God for this glorious manifestation of His Presence. Hallelujah. Ensign and Mrs. Collier are leading us for a triumphant Winter Campaign.

—F.

A Sixty-three Miles Raid

Fort Frances (Captain Wright and Lieut. Hamilton.) Led on by our Officers the Band and Soldiers have been seizing every opportunity to storm the forts of darkness, Salvation raids on all the adjacent towns for sixty-three miles having been made, and much evident good accomplished.

Last Sunday will long be remembered in the history of this Corps, it being the farwell of Candidate Maude McCormick for the Training Garrison. For a long time our comrade has been a valuable asset to the Corps, and a splendid example of Salvationism. Her definite testimony to the work of grace wrought in her heart awakened within many a heart a desire to know God. Following the Bible lesson by the Lieutenant, Captain Wright dedicated the Candidate to God and The Army, and then a battle for souls began. Hearts that were bound by chains of self made their peace with God, four definite decisions being made, for which we give God all the glory.—C.C.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gosling Conduct Farewells at Saskatoon

Saskatoon II (Captain Young and Lieut. Bell.) Brigadier and Mrs. Gosling were with us recently to conduct the farewell of Captain Cummins, who in addition to her Divisional duties, has been Corps Cadet Guardian here for nearly a year. A number of Comrades told of the help she has been in the Corps. The Thursday night Meeting was conducted by the Home League members, and, by the way, the League is doing splendidly, having just recommenced activities after the holiday season. Mrs. Gosling led the recent Spiritual Meeting and gave a helpful address. In this branch of Corps work Captain Cummins will also be missed, for she has gladly associated herself with us.

The following Sunday was the occasion of the farewell of Candidate Rogers, for whom a farewell tea had been held the previous Friday, over which Mrs. Gosling presided. In the Holiness Meeting the Candidate spoke helpfully, and at night the Hall was crowded. The gathering closed with the Candidate, surrounded by the Corps Cadets, standing under the Flag, while a consecration song was sung. —H.H.H.

Silver Wedding Festivities

Estevan (Captain and Mrs. Middleton.) We especially rejoice over the good attendances at our Saturday evening Open-Air Meetings. One young man comes from Taylorton, a distance of several miles, and joins gladly in the singing, much enjoying the new choruses introduced by the Captain. On a recent Sunday afternoon, during the Open-Air held in front of the Hospital, Brother Jones soloed and gave his testimony. His joy, and ours, was indeed great, when we learned that, through his singing and speaking, a man who was lying very sick had found Christ. Bless God, although he had only one chance in a hundred of recovery, he is now getting better.

The Officers and a few of the Soldiers have been going to some of the outside towns, there holding Meetings, and we believe these are being used of God.

A recent happy event, worthy of special mention, was the celebration of the Silver Wedding Anniversary of Brother and Sister Parkinson. The Hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion, when about sixty guests participated in a bountiful meal. During the evening a charming program of music and song was enjoyed. We wish our Comrades many happy returns of the Day.—E.D.

—C.C.

He Farewells Again

Staff-Captain Merritt says Good-bye to Calgary.

Calgary Citadel (Adjutant White and Captain Houghton.) The farewell of Staff-Captain Merritt from Calgary was scarcely a time of rejoicing, although everyone was delighted to have our Divisional Commander with us. His visit coincided with Rally Day, and we were glad to have him with us on the huge Parade which took place in the afternoon, when all the young folks turned out in full force, headed by the Senior Band, and followed by all the Soldiers of the Corps.

The Meeting made an interesting one indeed, was piloted by the Staff-Captain, and the young folks took part gladly. The Y.P. Band supplying music. At night the Open-Airs were well attended. Staff-Captain Merritt leading the Y.P. group, and following this we had a spiritual Meeting, in which three knelt at the Mercy-Seat. —Observer

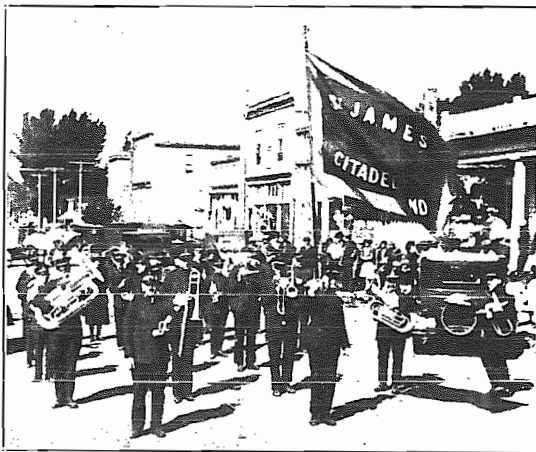
The Soldiers Carried on Splendidly

Watrous (Captain and Mrs. Blue.) Sunday last was the occasion of the farewell for the Training Garrison of Candidate Elizabeth Robertson whose fighting spirit has been a great blessing in the Corps. She gave a glowing testimony, and also soloed helpfully. At the close of the Meeting three children, who had been listening to the Open-Air Meetings for some time, were seen kneeling at the Pentent-Form, together with one of our own comrades who has been discouraged for some time. She later testified to glorious victory.

During the recent furlough of our Officers the Soldiers carried on splendidly, and won notable victories.—C.C.

All Alive and Ready

Vermilion (Captain Hawkins and Lieut. Bingham.) We have just welcomed Captain Hawkins, who is alive for God and ready for the fray. Sunday was a blessed day, and we rejoiced in the Holiness Meeting when one seeker knelt at the Mercy-Seat. —G.E.B.H.



St. James Band parading at Altona, Man.

\$1,000.00 Target Smashed

Regina Citadel (Adjutant Haynes and Captain Griffiths.) A grand display of harvest fruits and vegetables adorned our Hall this weekend, and the Soldiers gathered gladly to thank the Giver of all good. Our Target of \$1,000 has been smashed, and we feel this is largely due to the untiring efforts of our Officers, who, assisted by the Soldiers, have worked unsparingly.

This Sunday was also the occasion of the farewell, after their exceedingly short stay, of our Officers. They have been a great blessing, and we are sorry to lose them. The Captain spoke helpfully in the morning. In the afternoon Adjutant Haynes dedicated the son of Brother and Sister Metz. The Citadel was well filled at night for the Farewell and Altar Service. Envoy Peacock, and Corps Sergeant-Major and Y.P.S.-M. spoke, as did Captain John Steele, a visitor from Moose Jaw. Adjutant Haynes soloed in her usual charming manner, and also delivered a soul-stirring address.—W.G.W.

Immigrant Lad asks for Prayer

Vegreville (Ensign and Mrs. Moll.) Recent happenings here have proved that God is with us. Two young lads have recently sought Christ, one of them being old enough for Corps Cadetship, and he is being linked up. An immigrant lad asked for prayer after one Salvation Meeting, and we are believing for him. A Junior Soldier has been enrolled.—C.C.

A New Sergt-Major

Assiniboia (Captain Martin and Lieut. Brunsdon.) There was much excitement in the Meeting last Thursday night when Brother S. W. Ranson was commissioned as Corps Sergeant-Major. Blessing resulted from his address later in the evening, and we rejoiced exceedingly when one sister sought Salvation. May God bless and keep her.

The young folks turned out well on Rally Sunday, the Open-Air Meetings especially being well attended. Our faith is high for a good wish to our Harvest Festival Effort. Our special work in the outlying towns is being rewarded by increased interest in the work of God.—C.S.M.

The Joy of the "Call"

Biggar (Captain M. Smith and Lieut. M. Carse.) To have a happy and useful time last weekend, when the Meetings were piloted by Captain Flannigan and Lieutenant Gibson from Saskatoon. This was also the occasion of the farewell for the Garrison of Candidate Mica Mansell, who has been a most willing S.F. In the morning Captain Flannigan spoke helpfully, and at the close of his address one sister knelt at the Pentent-Form. At night Candidate Mansell spoke for Call to Officership and Captain Flannigan and Lieutenants Carse and Gibson told of the joy they had had in seeing the sister call. Captain Smith said a word of our farewells, and then spoke of work in the Corps, and then spoke of the joy of the unsaved, One who sought Jesus.—C.C.

THE BIBLE HOLY GHOST

It isn't a brand new building.
With equipment grand and swell;
It isn't a big brass band,
With instruments as well.
It's none of those things, my brother,
That we're in need of most;
But it's Jesus St. Paul religion,
And the Bible Holy Ghost.

It isn't organization—
We're organized most to death;
We've departments, big and little,
To count them takes all one's breath;
But I'm sure I'm right when I say,
That what we're in need of most,
Is the good St. Paul religion,
And the Bible Holy Ghost.

It isn't a brigade of trained soldiers,
With solos and quartets and such,
That will bring lost souls to the Saviour
And build up our Army much.
They be when we all can say truly,
And sinners go down in a host,
Unless they all get equipped
With the Bible Holy Ghost.

But the time when The Army shall press on
And our Halls be filled to the brim,
And the Holiness Meeting be burning,
And our hearts glow in every hymn;
Will be when we all can say truly,
The thing that we have the most,
Is the good St. Paul religion,
And the Bible Holy Ghost.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Many things had happened in Sardis since Ensign Alan Bristow and his wife had come to take charge of The Salvation Army Corps here. A girl named Helen Ormond had come to them in great trouble, and they had helped her through her trouble, and when her father had turned her from her home they had taken her in till she was again reconciled with her parents. Will Coulter, a drunkard and backslider, had, through their efforts, reclaimed his life. Officer O'Donnell, a big policeman, had come to them in trying to locate his son, Danny O'Donnell. The best kept secret in Sardis was that Helen Bristow had been converted and became a Soldier in the Corps. There had been a long and bitter strike in Sardis that had taxed all the resources of Ensign Bristow and his band of Salvationists. During the strike Mr. Manning, a very wealthy man, had come to the help of The Army. Thus the rebellion had been put down. Helen Bristow had come to the aid of her father in Sardis had slipped away, and they were in the winter of the year when the great Christmas time came. Christmas Eve an attempt was made to steal one of The Army kettles. They had had an inkling of a warning that the attempt would be made, and Officer O'Donnell had been lingering near. When the man had grabbed the kettle and started toward a moving automobile that was to pick him up the policeman had leaped into the street and discharged his pistol at him. The running man discharged the pistol and the other had drawn his pistol and fired at him. The man had fallen forward, the snow-covered street. The policeman ran to where he had fallen, and, as he turned the man's face upward to the light he had seen the man's face with great interest. "Danny! It's Danny! O my God! I've killed Danny!" But Danny was not killed. It was taken to a hospital, and the bullet wound was not serious. His story to his father and Ensign Bristow. Afterward to Ensign Bristow alone he confessed that he was the father of Helen Ormond's baby.

CHAPTER XVIII

Untangling a Snarl

THERE was a dead silence for a space while his eyes travelled over the man who had confessed to him that he had been the author of the trouble that had come so near wrecking the life of Helen Ormond. But when he spoke again the tone of his voice did not betray the depth of feeling that moved him.

"And did it never enter your thoughts at all that the girl might have to suffer by your running away from the consequences of your sin?" he asked. "Did you not think of her at all in the matter?"

Danny flushed deeply. "Not right at the time, I can't say I was. I was in a confused confusion. I thought about her before I ran away, and many, many times after I had run away, but I am afraid that I was in such a panic just at that time that I did not think of anyone but myself."

"You can scarcely have an idea of all the suffering your selfishness caused Helen to go through after you were gone," said the Ensign sternly.

As he thought of the agony of shame, the loss of home and loved ones, and all that Helen had gone through he felt that he ought to make this young fellow realize something of what the girl had been compelled to suffer on his account.

"Do you know her, sir?" asked Danny. "Yes, I know her quite well. And your selfishness caused her a great deal of sorrow and suffering. Her father turned her out of her home, and she had no place to go. If we had not taken her in she would have been in a terrible position. She lived in our home for nearly two years. She is an uncommonly fine girl, and I am surprised that any chap worth his salt would desert her in such a cowardly manner."

An Uncommonly Fine Girl

"Yes, I know her quite well. And your selfishness caused her a great deal of sorrow and suffering. Her father turned her out of her home, and she had no place to go. If we had not taken her in she would have been in a terrible position. She lived in our home for nearly two years. She is an uncommonly fine girl, and I am surprised that any chap worth his salt would desert her in such a cowardly manner."

Danny was very uncomfortable. His flushed face and uneasy manner showed it plainly. He fidgeted for some little time before he spoke again.

"I know it was pretty bad, sir," he said after a bit. "But honestly it was not quite as bad as it seems. I did try to do the right thing. You see, I went to my father and asked him if Helen and I could get married. He blew up. I don't think I ever saw a man work himself into such a rage. I thought he was going to kick me out of the house, or beat me up, or do something else equally ferocious. He had me stunned and almost gasping for breath when I found myself outside the house again. I was in a blue funk. He would not let me marry Helen, and I didn't dare tell him after that how necessary it was for us to be married. I think he would have killed me. And it was while I was in a panic of fear that I ran away. I could not think of anything else to do at the time. Afterward I thought of Helen many times, but I thought it was too late then to undo what I had done."

A FEW THAT ARE WORTHY

By ENVOY C. W. WAGGONER

While Danny spoke, Ensign Bristow had a vivid recollection of the time he himself had gone to see Helen's father. As he remembered the tempest of stormy indignation and rage that met him, he did not marvel so much at the fear which Danny must have felt in the face of that same rage. And Danny, too, with more reason for his fear since he was the guilty one. Of course, the father had had no idea of this at the time of Danny's visit, or it is doubtful if the boy would have lived to have run away.

"Helen certainly suffered greatly on account of your thoughtless selfishness. But in passing through the fires she came out pure gold. And now her father is reconciled to her again and she has gone back home to live."

Danny lay for some time in silence. Plainly there was something else on his mind, something of which he found it hard to speak. Then with the quick color flooding his face, he asked shyly, "And the baby. Did it live?"

"Yes. It is a little boy. He is now nearly two years old, and a most winsome little fellow. Helen's life is all wrapped up in him."

Why Helen was So Disturbed

Danny took this in thoughtfully. In a shy, wistful way he seemed to be glad for little Alan. They talked further, speaking of the unhappy past with its mistakes, of the hopeful future when something might be done to right those mistakes. It was noon before the Ensign left the hospital. When he got home he told his wife of all that had passed between Danny and himself that morning. She was as greatly surprised at the revelation as he himself had been.

"But now that we know it," she said, in commenting on it, "it certainly lies in a lot of light on many things that seemed strange to me before. I can now see why Helen was so disturbed the first time Officer O'Donnell came here after she had come from the Maternity Home. Remember how shaken she seemed to be when she found him waiting at the door? Then, too, it explains why she seemed so different and ill-at-ease when he was here, remember; she would often disappear in her room till he had gone. That was why she had the smush with the dishes when he remarked how much little Alan reminded him of Danny when Danny had been his age. Knowing what she did, his words must have been a great shock to

her, and it is no wonder the dishes slipped through her fingers to the floor."

"He wants either you or me to go to her and intercede for him."

"I wonder how she feels towards him? And what is this going to mean for her? It is likely to stir her father up again, too. Then, now that Helen is saved, I wonder if it will be the best thing for her to marry a man who is not a Christian? Is he the sort of mate for her now?"

"I too, have been wondering about these things since I have found out the truth from Danny. But after all, it is not really our problem. It belongs to Helen to decide these things. Will you go to her, dear?"

"Yes," will go the first thing this afternoon, for I do not want her to hear of Danny's return from any other source."

So Mrs. Bristow went to see Helen that afternoon. It was Christmas Day and there were many things for her to do, but none of them, she felt, were as important as this. Helen herself opened the door in response to her knock, and when she asked if she could talk with her in private the girl gave a quick look, and led the way to her own room.

"I have some news for you, Helen, that may come in the nature of a shock, so I asked for privacy in telling you," said Mrs. Bristow when they were seated in the privacy of the room. "Danny O'Donnell came home last night."

Helen Listened Eagerly

At these words the girl half rose to her feet with a little startled cry, a hand going quickly to her throat as though she had difficulty in breathing.

"Danny O'Donnell came home last night?"

She gasped, weakly echoing Mrs. Bristow's words.

"Yes," replied the older woman. "He is now in the hospital." Then while Helen listened eagerly with a pale and strained face she told the girl of all that had happened. She ended the story by telling all that Danny had revealed to the Ensign, of how he had gone to Helen's father and had been rebuffed, of his overmastering fear, and of his flight. Of how he had afterward thought of the girl and his regret for the course he had pursued. Of his coming back to Sardis with the hope in his heart that he could at last partially right the wrong he had done her by marrying her now if she were willing. Helen listened to it all with changing feelings. Much that she heard was balm to her spirit. She had not known that Danny had

gone to her father before his flight. It was also sweet to her to find that after he had fled he had often thought of her and regretted doing what had doubtless caused her so much suffering. And she was glad to find that Danny really loved her.

"I have loved him all ways," she confessed to Mrs. Bristow with misty eyes. "Even when he went away and left me to face the consequences of my wrongdoing alone, I loved him in spite of myself. I could not help it. That was why I kept his secret. You know I did not tell even you and your father of my love through it all than anyone else. But I felt I could not reveal his name while I loved him so."

"Yes, and he was deeply touched when Ensign told him that you had not betrayed his secret, even to me. He said that he had always known that you were loyal and true. But Helen, you will have to think of it from every angle of the question. It is good in a way that Danny wants to marry you, and as much as he can, try to right the wrong. But you are a Salvationist now. Danny is not. Have you thought of all that it will mean to you and your father together? Will it really be for the best?"

"If I Marry Danny"

"I have thought of all these things, Mrs. Bristow. I have thought of them many, many times. You see, I have always felt that I must marry Danny, and come back, and that I must want to marry me. I know that he is not a Christian just now, but he may become one. And Danny is not bad. We were both of us foolish, weak perhaps. The past we cannot undo. Leaving myself free of the question of if I marry Danny it will at least give little Alan a name before the world, and that will mean a great deal to him in the future. And for me there never has been, there never will be anyone but Danny."

"Of course these are things which you must decide for yourself. You know your own heart, Helen, and will have to choose the way that will seem best for you. That is what Ensign and I thought as we talked of the matter together."

"Is there anyone besides you two who know this?" asked Helen rather anxiously. "Of course I know there are many people who will know that Danny is back in Sardis, but I mean that know our secret. I mean that know his name but Ensign and myself, and, of course, you and Danny. He did not tell Ensign till after his father had left the hospital, so there is no one else who knows."

"Well, I would rather keep it secret for the time being. I am afraid that if my father found out he would be so angry and more patient with me. And he has learned to love little Alan dearly. But all the same I think it will be much better if he does not know till after Danny and I are married. And that cannot very well be till after Danny has left the hospital. So it will be better to keep our secret till then."

Many Others to Consider

Mrs. Bristow agreed with Helen that it would be better not to say anything about it till after she and Danny were married.

But there were many others to consider, too, and its effect on them. They wondered, too, what the outcome would be for Helen's mate with a man who was unsaved. But Helen was well established now in her Christian experience; and then there was Helen's father. How could he accept this stirrings up again of the trouble that had made his heart so sore when it was happened? Of course, if he turned Helen out of her home again, there was no doubt but that Officer O'Donnell would take the young couple into his home, for he had liked Helen from the first, and he fairly adored little Alan.

But deciding that they would have to be true to the one of the things that he loved to do, they let the matter drop. And it was not long till something happened that took their mind off all these problems. An event so freighted with grave consequences and possibilities that it occupied their minds to the exclusion of everything else.

(To be continued)



WHY NOT COME OUT OF YOUR HIDING-PLACE AND LEND A HAND WITH THE CENTENARY CALL CAMPAIGN



We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address **ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry"**

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

2209—William Edward Paine, age 55, last known address Aberdeen, Sask. Was railroad worker. Mother very anxious.

2205—Ralph Leggett, age 28, height 6 ft. 1 in., wore glasses; last heard of at Six Mile Creek. Missing five years. Grandmother anxiously enquires.

2072—Albert Victor Hanson, age 51, average height, brown hair, blue eyes. Last heard from at Edmonton, Alta. Wife and child very anxious to hear from him.

1924—Henry Grollot, French Canadian, age 39, medium height, slight build, dark hair, dark eyes, dark complexion, station engineer or carpenter; last heard from at Port Arthur, Ont. Decided limb on right side.

2209—Tubert Donkey, Jewish, age 55, height 5 ft. 1; black hair, brown eyes, fair complexion. Owned Dry Goods Store in Winnipeg. Has small pimple near right eye and double chin. Wife anxious to locate.

2206—Ernest Paul Johanson, born at Fredrikshald, Norway, in 1883. Mother's name was Emilie Johanson. Visited Norway in 1907 and when he returned to U.S.A. he took his mother and two sisters (Emma and Margie) with him. Last known address Winnipeg. Forest Worker (cook).

2207—Elvira Johanne Eriksen, age 23, average height, blonde hair, blue eyes. Last heard from at Saskatoon, Sask. Her old father is very anxious.

2114—John Wm. Walker and Wife. Pattern maker. Number in Pattern Makers League, 11063, was re-admitted Feb. 20th, 1917, at age 29. Last known address, Vancouver B.C. Wife had dress-making business at East Grandview, Vancouver and went by name Madame Josephine. Aged father anxious to locate.

2105—James Young Campbell, age 21, height, 5 ft. 6 in., Scotch, fair hair, dark complexion, born in Paisley, Scotland. Sister Mary enquires.

2118—David Johnstone, age 55, height 5 ft. 8 in., wears a very heavy moustache. When last heard of he was in Calgary, about two years ago. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. Brother anxious to hear from him.

2093—Clara Freda Towle, Daughter of Leslie and Amy Towle, age would be between 20 and 23. Last known address was Strawberry Hill, New Westminster, B.C. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of this girl or her mother, kindly communicate with this office.

MISSING - \$50.00 REWARD

The above reward will be paid for reliable information relative to the present whereabouts and location of Alexander Charles Carnegie, who left his home in Winnipeg on Wednesday, August 15th, 1928, as he was going to Grand Beach, Man., to stay with friends. On the 20th of August it was ascertained that he had not arrived at his destination.

The lad is 14 years of age, but would pass for 16, 5 ft. 1 in. in height, weight about 125 lbs.; tan complexion; dark brown hair; blue eyes; was dressed in navy blue suit and tan shoes; light grey cap. Is an exceptionally bright boy for his age.

About midnight on the 15th of August, a boy answering his description was seen at Portage Junction, C.N.R. between Hochway, Winnipeg, enquiring about train transfer to Saskatoon, and was informed that one pulled out for Brandon in a minute. It is suggested that he jumped this freight, as he has not been seen since.

He was greatly interested in aviation, and is stated to have told other boys that he would work his way West to a clearing or settlement, and from there to the States, where he would endeavour to obtain employment in an aviation camp. When he left home he had ten dollars (\$10.00) in money, and a collection of valuable stamps, which he would probably endeavour to sell to obtain funds to travel. This boy might form a useful clue to his present whereabouts.

Officers and Soldiers of The Army and reader of "The War Cry" are requested to interest themselves in this enquiry, and to assure the lad of his parents' full forgiveness, and to forward information, even of the slightest nature, immediately to Lt.-Colonel Sims, at 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg. (American Papers Please Copy)

= 46th Annual = Territorial Congress LT.-COMMISSIONER & MRS. RICH

— TOGETHER WITH —



Colonel Mary Booth, C.B.E.

(Territorial Commander for Germany)

WILL CONDUCT THE

WINNIPEG CONGRESS

From OCTOBER 12th to 15th

Friday, October 12th
Grace Church
8.0 p.m.

Welcome and Spectacular
Demonstration displaying a
"Pageant of Merciful
Adventure."

Saturday, Oct. 13th
7.0 p.m.

Public Parade
and Salute

Saturday, Oct. 13th
First Baptist Church
8.0 p.m.

Comrades and Old
Comrades Assembly

Sunday, October 14th—Capitol Theatre

10.45 a.m. United Holiness Gathering

Colonel Mary Booth will lecture:

Subject: "The Work of The Salvation Army."

Chair to be taken by

His Honor Lt.-Gov. T. A. Burrows

Supported by

Hon. John Bracken, Premier of Manitoba

Mayor Dan Maclean and others

7.00 p.m.

A Salvation Mass Meeting—

Colonel Booth will speak

Monday, Oct. 15th
Grace Church
8.0 p.m.

The Congress Festival,
and Life-Saving Scout
and Guard Review

LT.-COMMR. AND MRS. RICH with COLONEL MARY BOOTH
Will also conduct The Vancouver Congress from October 19th to 23rd

Salvation Songs

Tune: "Some day the Silver Chord
Will Break"

And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me who caused His pain?
For me who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! How can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

He left His Father's throne above,
So free, so infinite His grace!
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night,
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke to see a better light,
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

Tune: "Keep on Believing" (B.H. 510)

A stranger to God, to His love and His light,
I wandered about in the darkness of night;
Sometimes I would pause in my sorrow
to hear
A cry in my heart for this Friend to come near.

Chorus:

The Name of this wonderful Friend would
you know?

The Name of this wonderful Friend I
love so?

'Tis Jesus, My Saviour, there's kindness a flame

Of love in my heart at the sound of His Name.

In the fluttering pleasures of fashion and
sin

I thought I might hope satisfaction to
win;

But still would the voice of my soul cry
to know

A place where to bury its sorrow and we

And thus in my wildness, my hardness,
and fears

I sowed in my blindness a harvest of
tears;

Till wounded and burdened, from wood-
ness estranged,

I met with a Friend who has every heart
changed.

The face of the Friend that I met with
that day

Bore blood marks of pain, yet the sweet-
ness of May,

My heart from its troubles was crying for
rest.

So gently I crept to His side and was
blest.—H.H.L.

Tune: "Picture to-night a city fair
and bright."

Welcome today! Why longer stay
away?

There's welcome in the loving heart
of God.

Here bring your shame and sin,
Fear not to enter in;

There's welcome in the heart of God.

Tune: "White wings they never grow
weary."

White robes they wear up in glory,
And wave vict'ry's palm o'er the

bright crystal sea,
No night there makes them feel weary.

I'm going to that country my
Saviour to see.

Tune: "Thou knowest all things—
Divine—"

Guide and Protector, Thou Spirit
Divine—
Blessed assurance to know Thou
mine.
Joy without measure, peace, perfect
sublime,
Wondrous the comfort to know I am
Thine.